The *Crow* may bathe his cole-black *wings* in mire,
And vnpercein'd flye with the filth away,
But if the like the snow-white *Swan* desire,
The staine vpon his siluer *Downe* will stay,
Poore *groomes* are sightles *night*, *Kings* glorious day,
Gnats are vnnoted wheresoere they flye,
But *Eagle* gaz'd vpon with euery eye.

Our idle *words*, seruants to shallow *fooles*
Vnprofitable *sounds*, weake *arbitrators*,
Busie out selues in skil-contending *schooles*,
Debate where leasure serues with dull debators:
To trembling *Clients* be you mediators
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my *case* is past the helpe of *law*.

In vaine I raile at *Opportunity*,
At *Time*, at *Tarquin*, and vnsearchfull *night*:
In vaine I cauill with mine *infamy*,
In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd *despight*:
This helplesse *smoake* of words doth me no right,
The remedy indeed to doe me good,
Is to let forth my foule defiled *blood*.

Poore *hand*, why quiuerest thou at this *decree*?
Honor thy selfe to rid me of this *shame*,
For if I die, my *Honor* liues in thee,
But if I liue, thou liu'st in my *defame*;
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall *Dame*,
And wast afeard to scratch her wicked Foe,
Kill both thy selfe and her for yeelding so.

This said from her betumbled *couch* she starts,
To finde some desperate instrument of death,
But this no *slaughter-house*, no toole imparts,
To make more vent for passage of her *breath*,
Which thrunging through her *lips* so vanisheth

In vaine (quoth she) I liue, and seeke in vaine
Some happy *meane* to end a hapless life:
I fear'd by *Tarquins Fauchion* to be slaine,
Yet for the selfe-same purpose seeke a *knife*:
But when I feard, I was a loyall wife;
So am I now: O no, that cannot be,
Of that true *type* hath *Tarquin* rifled me.

O that is gone, for which I sought to liue,
And therefore now I need not feare to die,
To cleare this *spot* by *death* (at least) I giue
A badge of fame to slaunders *liuery*,
A dying life to liuing infamy,
Poore helplesse *helpe* the *treasure* stolne away,
To burne the guiltlesse *casket* where it lay.

VVell, well, deare *Colatine* thou shalt not know
The stained tast of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed *oath*:
This bastard *grasse* shall neuer come to growth,
He shall not boast who did thy *stocke* pollute,
That thou art doting *Father* of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret *thought*,
Nor laugh with his *companions* at thy *state*,
But thou shalt know thy *interest* was not bought
Basely with *gold*, but stolne from forth thy *gate*;
For me I am the *mistresse* of my *fate*
And with my *trespasse* neuer will dispence,
Till *life* to death acquit my first offence.

I will not poison thee with my *attaint*,
Nor fold my *fault* in cleanly coyn'd excuses,
My sable *ground with sinne* I will not paint,
To hide the *truth* of this false nights abuses:
My tongue shall vtter all mine *eyes* like *sluces*
As from a *mountaine* spring that feeds *a dale*,